The Charles Viewer

Fisher College, 2000

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The Charles Viewer

Art and Literature by the Students of Fisher College, 2000

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The 2000 edition of **The Charles Viewer** represents the artistic and literary work of students from the Day and Continuing Education divisions of Fisher College. In assembling this magazine, we sought materials which represent a diverse variety of themes.

For their assistance and support we would like to thank the following: Christian Fisher, President: Roberta Cantor, Vice President for Administration; Charles Perkins, Associate Dean of Academic Affairs; Gail Murphy, Director of Purchasing; Dr. Dean Walton, Liberal Arts Program Director, and John Martino, Academic Support Center Director.

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Fist of A Pisces

If someone starts with you, tell them you don't want to fight. If they hit you tell the teacher. If nothing's done about it you can fight back. Those are the teachings of my mother slipping away from me as I dodge a right hook thrown by my father. "Remember Anthony, someone gets in your face get the first punch in," he says. "It may be the only one you get and sometimes it will be the only one you need."

Why didn't he just tie a weighted chain around my neck and throw me in with the other club fighting pitbulls. All I wanted to do was run from the bullies, make it home alive, and sit down to draw or write. I was the smallest kid in the fifth grade. What I lacked in size I made up for in gym, art, and my classes. But Dad wasn't having it. Having a last name like Giorgione in the predominantly Irish town of Charlestown got him into more than his fair share of fisticuffs when he was a kid. He never backed down and rarely lost, and he wanted his son to be the same way.

Big Boston Bruins fans, we'd watch the games together. A goal by Ray Bourque or Rick Middleton wasn't just a goal; it was a moment of unconditional happiness shared by my father and I. I always hoped for high scoring games. Every time Terry O'Reilly or Jay Miller fought he'd have me study what they were doing. "Look at that, toe to toe, take and give, pull the shirt over his head..." I wanted to ask him to teach me how to ice skate but I was too scared.

About a week later, on report card day, Bobby Lewis and his buddies followed me home. On Sycamore Street they called me "faggot" and "chicken shit." My mother's teachings echoed in my head, allowing me to ignore them and continue walking. On Tennyson Street they started throwing their basketball off my back and head. My eyes swelled like a damn about to burst as I continued walking. But by Central Street they wouldn't let me ignore them anymore. Bobby stepped in front of me, looked me dead in the eye and asked, "Why are you such a fucking pussy?" He was close enough for me to sucker but I knew he wasn't gonna be a one punch deal, plus I wanted full credit for dragging his ass all over Central. I squared off, toe to toe, Terry O'motherfucking Reilly style. With me on the street and him up on the curb, he landed the first punch. All his power and leverage put into a straight right that almost swelled my eye shut. "Fuck this," I said to myself. I pulled his shirt over his head and landed a flurry of right hooks and uppercuts, only stopping because I broke my pinky finger on the top of his head. As I walked away, his friends followed me, telling me to go back and finish him, but for some reason I felt bad for what I did and didn't want to hurt him anymore.

When I got home my worried mother congratulated me on my report card. My father never even looked at it. A whole quarter of hard work meant less than sixty seconds of stupidity. For once I felt approval from him. Being a young child, I absorbed it. It was much needed. He was proud of me for breaking my finger on some kid's head. Yeah, thanks a lot Dad. You're a real fucking winner.

-David A. Londino-

Gouch's House at five p.m. and a whole slew of activities before then. Picking him up for work is work. I say Hello and let's go through the car window as he gives me the wait a minute signal as he waits to listen to his mom before he shuts the door. Dressed for success in his Mickey D's uniform, he jumps off the accelerator before he slams my car.

"So how you doing La?" he says.

"Good, how is mom?"

"Good, she's got a hot date with Mr. Toomey again, I guess he's taking her to the Piggy again."

"Oh, that bar on Crescent?"

"Yah," he said.

Bruce came on the radio belting out the live version of Born in the USA, recorded earlier that week from the Boston Garden by 103.1 WMJX. We sang together as I drove through our small town. Instantly, I was drawn into his eyes.

I walked into the bar and sat down. The waitress came with my usual shot of tequila and Bud in a can. Unintentionally I sat next to him. After I swilled my shot I looked over at him and found myself instantaneously thrilled. "Oh don't look, oh my god don't look, oh I'm sorry, do me a favor?"

"What?" he said with his dark eyes and dreamy smile with a laugh. He had the whitest teeth I have ever seen and hair as dark and shiny as the chrome on my mustang. His looked stunned and confused as I had just belted out to a complete stranger. His gaze was wonderful and mysterious and just as puzzled.

"That is my recent X as of two days, please pretend that you are with me?"

"Bye me a drink, OK, and I will."

Then he hesitantly asks if he was a big guy and is he going to have to fight tonight? I reply assertively and we begin a conversation of blissful proportions.

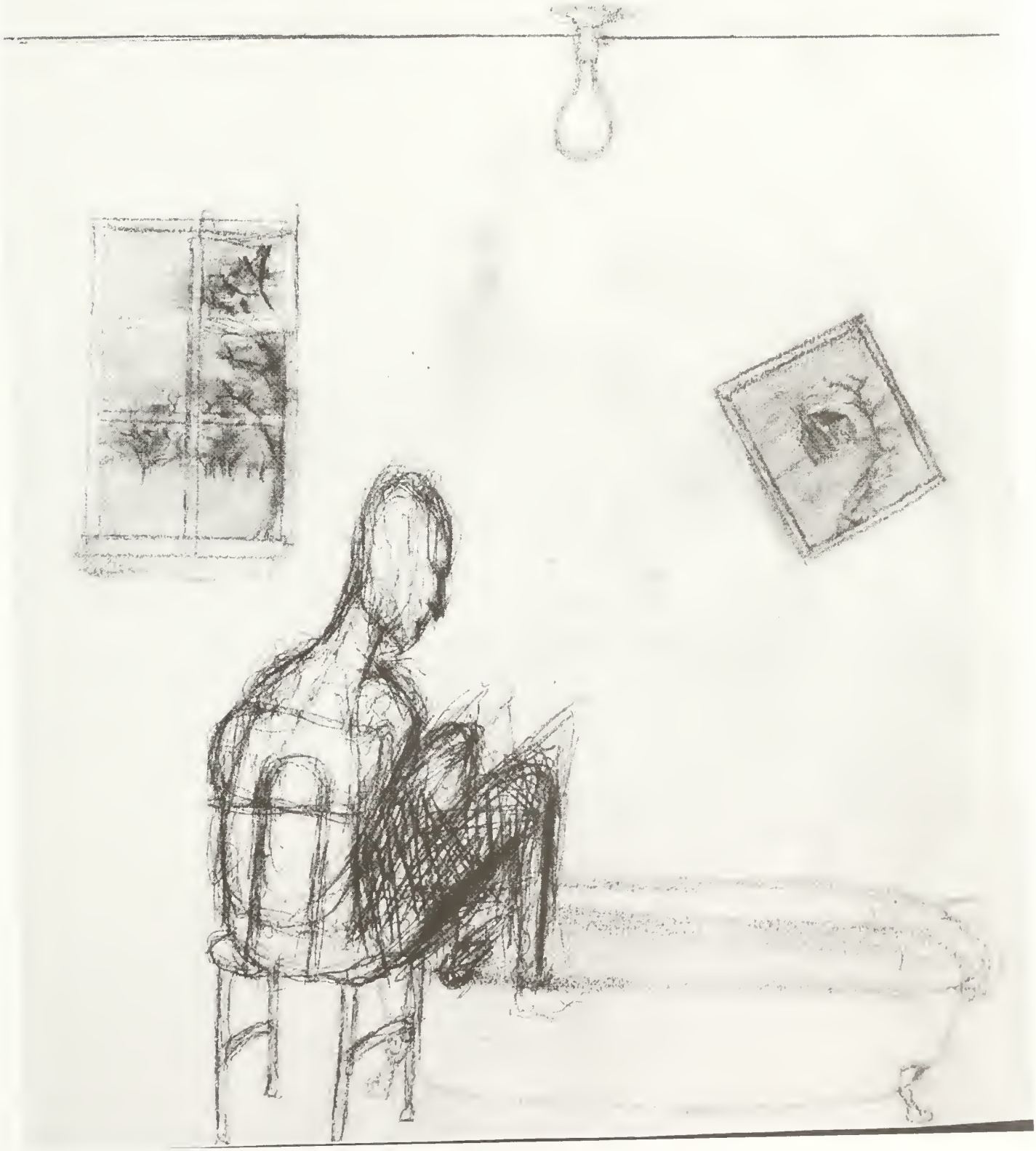
"La, change the station already!" as Gouch yells.

I feel that he almost purposely interrupts my train of thought. I look at him and only his mouth moves as I long to recant every word that I loudly spoke above the loud music. It was all lies and I had a great time telling them. My ex would never have let me tell stories as he always caught me in my lies. I told him not that I was employee of the month four times, but that I was world traveled and had never even entered the likes of a Mickey D's in all my 24 years. I caught his name only on the matchbook with his number etched on it.

"Gouch, what's the window like on Sunday's? Will I have to do a lot or will it be easy?" I said hoping to let him talk so that I may unconsciously listen.

"Why?" engaging me into conversation. "La, are you alright, you have done the window hundreds of times, ok there buddy?"

-Sarah Elizabeth Surette-



Just What I Needed

The clouds were orange sherbet swimming in the strawberry milk sky of sunset. Andy's feet hung down into a nameless, bottomless hole with only the weight of two dirty canvas shoes pulling him downward. He took a few deep breaths of clean, fresh air in preparation of his descent. Andy could taste only dust when he clucked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. He wanted no water. He wanted no cool breeze to come and dry the sweat from his temples. He wanted nothing but solitude. Privacy. This was *his* underground cavern and this was the only place he found solace. Not even the best Bureau of Land Management surveyors knew of this place. Only Andy.

The second time he came here it was a winter night lit only by the stars. He had a flashlight with him then but has not needed it since. It was now at the bottom of the cave, if a bottom exists. He arrived that night with only a rope and a light and left with nothing short of a complete mental map of every nook. Andy knew his cave in the dark better than in any light.

He dropped bravely into the black, assured that the ground was still nine feet from the orifice. The second that familiar sting surged up through his ankles, he knew he was safe from the world. All the consolation he desired could be found here in the belly of this whale.

He needed to be consoled now. After a day like the one he just had, anyone would. Andy woke that morning with Dylan fifteen miles from his mind. Breakfast filled his head with the inner workings of his Grandmother's homemade ice cream maker. During Andy's shower, images like the mechanism of his broken pocket watch and the chattering lawn sprinkler flashed before him. This mechanical and technical litter gummed up his mind all day for as long as he could remember. He was subconsciously building the proverbial "better mousetrap".

These idiosyncrasies were only prelude to what would not fully hit Andy for longer than anyone expected. He could still taste the moment his Pepsi turned from sweet to bitter when he heard what he knew he had not. Those words about Dylan left Michael's mouth all too swiftly when they leapt across the table and slapped Andy in the face just under the eyes. He wanted to send them back like cold soup. Pretend he never knew them. He couldn't.

The rest of the day proved to be a steaming pile of toilet loaf. Andy could tell no difference between anything anymore. Hot from cold, red from blue, nothing.

Andy had no worries forty feet below ground and even less at fifty feet. The further he descended, the better he felt. Colors did not exist sixty feet under. There was no sound to be heard. Andy was at seventy. The further he spelunked, the further he was from Dylan's coffin. Eighty feet. They were probably dressing him now. Ninety feet. He had never been this far before. One hundred feet. Rumbling broke the silence rule. The feel of a thousand thunders at once came from above and he knew. He knew he had been given what he had always wanted. There was no excuse to leave this time. Andy never wanted to leave before and now he wouldn't. He just wanted to be alone. Away from his thoughts.

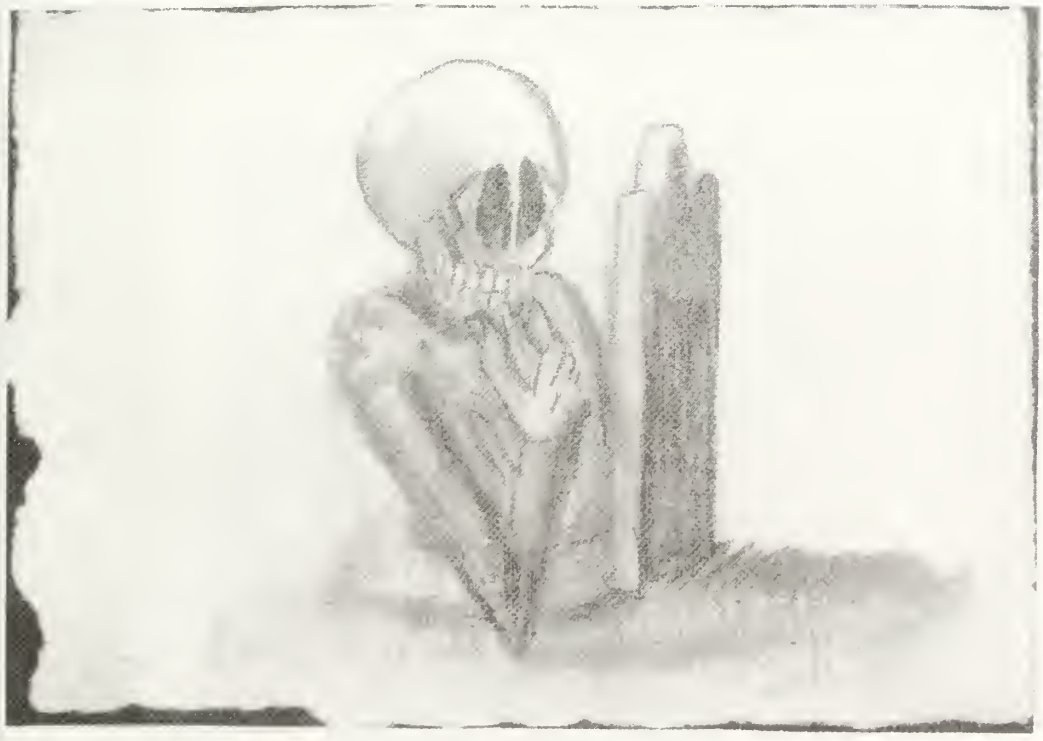
—Jonathan Thatcher—

Wolly

My Aunt Cynthia was my favorite aunt when I was a child. She was a few years younger than my mom was but she never treated me like I was five, which was my age at the time. I loved sleeping over there because I was allowed to make my own decisions, like drink Coke for breakfast, watch cartoons right when I wake up for hours and hours, and ride my bike to get Italian Ice at Pete's convenience store.

One gloomy Saturday Cartoon Morning, I arose from my aunt's bed and excitedly hopped down the stairs. The white plastic bottoms of my pajamas pit-patted on the hard wood floors. The kitchen was gray and full of shadows but my Glow Worm was used as a flashlight and he led me to the living room. I noticed that Wolly wasn't growling. "I must be getting quieter," I whispered proudly to myself. My Glow Worm reflected off the glass cabinet which displayed Aunt Cynthia's silver tea set. My reflection on the glass resembled a frumpy baby blue bunny with feet that were three sizes too big for her. In the glass, I noticed something moving behind me. It was big, black and shiny. It was gliding behind me some more and I immediately screamed! I turned my head to the kitchen to see the broken door to his home. This overwhelming feeling of death surfaced in me. I didn't move because I knew there was no hope for me to escape. All I could do was scream and watch his muscles flex on his dark, sleek body. His eyes were close together and his ears flopped a little as he charged at me from behind. I fell, flat on my stomach and he put his front paws on my back. He was heavy and hairy. He put his face next to mine and barked in my ear with his hot breath. Then, abruptly, he snapped his head up and stopped barking. Aunt Cynthia's mouth was moving, but I couldn't hear her.

—Sandra Ng—



Last Dance

Encircled in flame
The band played on
The chandelier fell
Yet the couples still waltzed
As the fire raged on
They succumbed, one by one
And those still standing
Danced on broken glass

- Robert Grenier

Sophronia

eyes of blue sapphire
brighter than Winter's distant snow

hair of a golden dawn
flowing to pale the sun
life grows in her shadow

to Melancholy's heart
her smile brings laughter...
of Tragedy's face
her laughter dries tears

hands that calm Tempest's winds
arms which embrace Death's fears
her Being calms my soul

she is everything
she is Love
W.S.

DIVA

I have been always too busy fussing over my wardrobe and the roots showing in my hair
to even enjoy anything going on in the world around me. I could never look at a tree and admire it with forsaken beauty.
I could never savor the tastes of the luscious juices of a fruit.
I could never run and sing in the woods, cherishing the world around me.
I don't feel the earth to be my mother; in fact, I don't see it as anything at all.
I don't honor the spirits that generate this earth. I was born and bred into an era of fast paced industry, technology, and capital.
I get off to Cosmo and smoke cigarettes.
I pop pills of e to give me life.
I stand in the middle of the city, smelling the carbon monoxide only with pride.
What can this life be worth without urban outfitters and contempo casuals and pleather jackets to keep me warm in the winter.
Standing here in the middle of the city, I could never see beyond these buildings up into the infinite sky.
Endless skies overwhelm my thoughts.
What am I and all this worth?
The only thing these infinite skies prove is my non-existence.

--Tara--

How do you want to be remembered,
when your time has come and gone?
As someone who made a difference,
not one who just drifted along.

You can be a victim of destiny
or you could have a destination.
You can say the hill is too steep to climb
or you can come to the realization.

You can be anything you want to be
if you have enough inspiration.
So don't quit too soon and sell yourself short
or you may miss a revelation.

For what would become of the sculptor
if he didn't chip away at the stone
and who would have written all those
beautiful sad songs if no one ever spent
time alone.

Remember, hope springs eternal from the
wishing well
so don't drown yourself in sorrow.
I wrote this little poem to say I'm wishing
you well.
I hope to see you around tomorrow.

-Erica Rogowicz-

Strolling Along

Strolling along, I figure that this all will get better.
The sun will move closer to the earth and all of the earthly
inhabitants
will rejoice in the sun's warmth. Strolling along, waiting for
lovers
to come my way. I want to be invigorated and enlightened
by some strong dick and thick thoughts.
Strolling along, I get tangled in my wounds and the challenges
that
are presented to me. I don't want to live selfishly and
my heart aches for the ones who are blinded by their selfishness.
Though it is selfish to think others have to step out of their
perspective
to live harmonized by kinship. Strolling along, I see we all lead
our own lives and have our own truths, but as I stroll along I just
get
tangled in the big mess of it all. -Tara S.

beauty?

Large breasts, small waist, long, skinny legs,
Lengthy, beautiful hair, flawless skin,
Passive, masochistic, narcissistic
Wife and mother and career woman
Happiness achieved by complying with such standards?

Compared to a city born child viewing for the first time
the vast, unobstructed view, of nature" field;
The moment when virgin lips are ripened by a kiss;
After hard work and determination, crossing the finish line
first;
Conversing with the person who puts into language what you
have been trying all along to express;
Heavenly miracles before your very own doubting eyes-
The pouncing of rain upon the covered porch the dazzling
colors of leaves in Fall tranquility on mountain top
rush of wind sending mans garbage to flight the cycle
of life and death playing ring around the rosys over
and over and over

Again. Bringing about feelings of uninhibited, intense,
humbling happiness.
Like comparing a swimming pool to the ocean;
A large bowl filled with chlorine water to a world of
textured, colored corral residence to mammals of
enormous magnitude godly ability to produce waves
swallowing entire civilizations

We are different; her eyes deep and dark and mine light
and green, her skin sun kissed and mines like radiance
Does that make her more beautiful than I?
Respectively both beautiful as we are different and unique.
What if the world was only covered in willow trees? Would
that be beautiful? Willow trees are beautiful.

Michelle Christensen

Tasting sweet dried apricot takes me back to what she offered her guest. Her kind is rare, with golden hair and eyes of sapphire dreams. Her enchanting ease circulate her body. I am drawn to her rareness, I have been enticed by her artistic brilliance. The way she celebrates her life, great gifts of ease. She flirts with all that comes her way. She's excited about her dried apricots and her malt chocolates. She wants everyone to taste the sweetness in what life can bring. Now, days later I sit stuffing myself with dried apricots, trying to remember. -Tara-

I was starting to get accustomed
to these jaded people
no beauty beyond their appearance
no guide beneath their feet
no will within their reach

I am estranged by your vast
thirst for passion.
I have been saving water
for your parched lips
I am not stimulated by those
who use other resources
to fufill their lack of soul

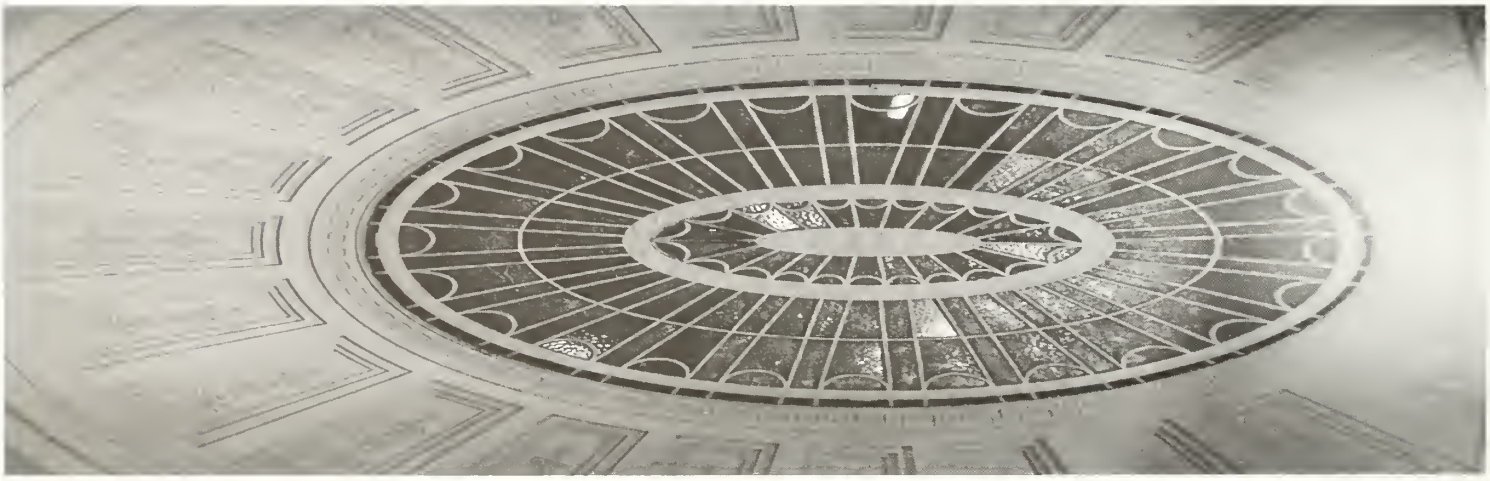
Your philosophies don't take me
to where my juices subside,
but to my mental and spiritual plane
my ears unfold to hear your truth
But my heart is reluctant to voice mine.
-Gina-

Nothing unlike immortality

Fingers on stomach like a needle on a record, spinning around and around steadily moving toward center. Pulsating beats pounding in sweating sync.

Psychic eyes of emerald speckles peering through the past and chasing the future like children playing tag.

Secretive euphoria weaves through righteous traffic.
Asphyxiation, but brief, nothing unlike immortality.



Blissful comas erupt under cold skies of hours last, wistful hands lay rest as chaotic dawn wakes from grace.

Buildings mourn for quick hours as crucified earth weeps under concrete. And grass holds dew with ruby warmth.

-Michelle Christensen-

Never As Before

The water cascaded down from the showerhead onto her naked body, forming small soapy rivers that ran the length of her figure before emptying into the gulf at the base of her delicate feet. Deborah turned slightly, rested her left hand on the black and white tile of the shower wall, and sighed deeply, as one does while trying to pretend that one can remain in the warm embrace of the nearly too-hot morning shower forever. Realizing that she only had a precious few moments remaining, she proceeded to run her hands through her hair, ringing out the shampoo, sighing once more. I stood outside the unlocked bathroom door, listening intently. She had been in the shower for forty-five minutes, and it was getting ridiculous. These showers were of biblical lengths. For Christmas last year I really wanted to buy her a toy Noah's Ark to bring in there with her, but nothing really came of it. I have these clever ideas, and then later that day they're gone. One of these days I'm going to start writing these things down, because I've forgotten more good ideas than most people ever have to begin with. Anyway, she was going to be late for work and I knew that it was my responsibility to snap her out of her little shower daze. I peeked my head through the door. "Save some water for the fish, why don' cha," I quipped, immediately realizing that with another four seconds of thought, I easily could have thought of a plethora of more witty, erudite reminders. "Save some for the fish," I repeated under my breath, embarrassed. Unbelievable the things I say. She looked at me distractedly, and I'm sure the stupidity of my last statement was not lost on her. I could tell by her raised eyebrow that she had something that she really wanted to say, but her forbearance won out once more and she spared me her retort. That's for the better I suppose, as whatever invective she was about to hurl would probably be lost under the deafening roar of the water. Showers have always been a private time for her, and even after living together for over a year she seemed bothered whenever I disturbed her there, especially when I'm spewing platitudes about water-starved marine life. God she looked beautiful. If I didn't know better, I would sneak silently up to the frosted-glass barrier between us and proceed through, caress her smooth, wet body, and show her how much she means to me. I had actually been contemplating the merits of shower-sex for quite some time now, but I dare not bring it up. I know it would get me nowhere. One of us would probably end up injuring ourselves anyway. "Let me know when you're done in there alright

hun?" I said as I closed the door behind me, leaving her to her seemingly endless morning cleansing rituals. "I'll be in the living room."

As pathetic as it may sound, the living room has become my refuge from the problems of daily life as of late. I can't explain why it's so calming to me, but perhaps Deborah's little feng-shui craze has some validity to it. Mind you, I liked it the way it was before as well, but my gut feeling as to where furniture should be placed apparently can't compete with a thousand years of Japanese holistic science. There was, of course, that transitional period when she first moved in with me where there was a nice blend of my old furniture and hers. But as the months passed, it seemed like she'd replace my things with hers while I wasn't paying attention. She was like some sort of furniture ninja. I'd turn my back for a second, and when I turned back there'd be a puff of smoke and the ratty old couch would be gone, replaced by a sky blue futon. Fall asleep on the inflatable chair, wake up in an awkward position on a gray sofa. Maybe I'm exaggerating a bit, but this is how it seems to me. Of course, she always mentions when she wants to change some aspect of our

home. I'm just not all that interested, and therefore she's taken free reign of redecorating duties. I'm in no position to complain however, as the new furniture is infinitely more stylish and comfortable than the old. It's just that for every old item that's thrown away, countless memories are disposed with it. The rickety wooden chair that my ex-wife Lindsay had jokingly referred to as Deathtrap was the first to go. In fact, Lindsay often had a nickname for each piece of furniture we picked out before we even left the store. It began as a joke and ended as a tradition. The aforementioned ratty couch was Thunderblast, the coffee table was Gargantua, and my prized inflatable chair was Bloato, as it was the most ungainly looking thing I had ever seen. Furniture-naming was a cute habit of hers, and whenever I think about Thunderblast and Gargantua, I wish that she was still here. Her passing was the most painful thing I've ever had to go through. Not that I would wish a long painful illness upon her, but I feel that if her death was at least somewhat expected it wouldn't have been so terribly devastating. Although not the most painful, an automobile accident is one of the worst ways to die, in my opinion. Only in that you're dead before you realize what happened. No chance to make peace with your friends and family, no opportunity to do those things you always wanted, no chance to say goodbye. Since then, I've learned to accept that some things are out of one's control, and that life goes on. Unbeknownst to Deborah, I've named the new gray sofa Excalibur, done in Lindsay's honor. Sometimes I forget that she didn't name it that herself. Sometimes I forget that she won't be next to me when I awaken in the morning. "Sometimes when we touch, the honesty's too much." We slow-danced to that song the night before she died. In this very room. The furniture is different now, and the carpet has been removed, but the room is still the same. So many memories here.

Even as the years have come and gone, not a day goes by that some little thing will bring her to mind. Sometimes Deborah will insist on watching "Beaches," and I'll cry at the end every time. Not because of the movie, but because this was the movie that Lindsay and I saw on our first date. I've not once told Deborah that this was the true reason for my tears. She must think I'm the most sensitive guy in the universe. Not that she'd say so. Or once, I awoke to the scent of International Coffees brewing in the kitchen. "Jean Luc," I whispered to myself. I said it because Lindsay was not here to say it for me. She loved making that joke. Every damn morning over coffee. If I had any notion of how much happiness that joke

would give me in the future, I never would have shot her that dirty look after she said it. Every morning, I regret every dirty look I ever gave her. I suppose I always will.

Deborah exited the bathroom wearing nothing but a forest green towel wrapped around her midsection, with most of her breasts exposed, no doubt to tease me with. After two years without Lindsay, I no longer feel guilty for my attraction to Deborah. Initially, it felt like I was some philandering pervert every time I climbed into bed with Deborah, inhaling her aroma, feeling her nakedness pressed against my own. At this point, however, I've decided that Lindsay could forgive me for my actions. What choice do I have? A life of complete celibacy is the last thing Lindsay would ever wish upon me.

Deborah had to leave for work in only ten short minutes, which meant that any form of sex was completely out of the question at the moment, regardless of how turned on I was by her semi-nudity. She strutted right past me, her trademark smug expression fully intact. "Well good morning to you too, honey," I said. Apparently she somehow hadn't noticed me sitting there, and her startled reaction of turning to face me caused the towel to gracefully slip from her still-moist hips and fall to the floor. She looked at me, looked at the crumpled mass of towel at the base of her feet, and chuckled. "Well, that was smooth," she said more to herself than anyone else, and proceeded to the bedroom without bothering to pick up her fallen covering. "How about being a little late for work today, if you catch my drift?" I yelled to her as she was getting dressed. Her response was a muffled utterance that sounded similar to "three rabbits swim naked," but I suppose it's not very likely that is what she actually said. I didn't bother asking for a translation.

As I sat there, alone on Excalibur, my mind wandered once again to Lindsay. I distinctly remember exactly what I was doing when I received that dreadful phone-call, telling me more or less that the happiness in my life had officially ended forever. I was grilling portabello mushrooms. I was listening to her Al Green CD. I was wearing my finest suit. It was our fifth anniversary. We would have been sitting down to dinner any moment now. In fact, we would have already eaten if her sister hadn't been stranded at the airport in need of a ride. Lindsay almost said no to this request. She died the way she lived, helping people in need. The phone rang. I answered. It was a doctor. We talked briefly. I hung up. Within two minutes I myself was dead. They find me on the bathroom floor, tears drying on my face and a razor in my hand.

I'm really glad that I like this apartment, because I haven't been able to leave in many years. This is my permanent home now. Deborah has been living here for a little over two years now, and I'm absolutely positive that she's aware of my presence. Whenever I speak, I can see it in her face. Recognition of someone else in the room. I'm comforted by this fact. The real trauma of this experience has been my inability to communicate in any form. Ghosts are completely unable to manipulate objects, despite what you've probably read, and this means that I can't even let her know that I've fallen in love with her through writing or any other form. She can't feel my body against hers at night, can't feel it when I run my fingers through her hair, and can't feel my breath on the back of her neck as she falls asleep every night. I wonder it people's spirits remain where they fall, or if this is just some cruel punishment for taking my own life. I certainly hope so, because the thought of Lindsay in such an existence brings me to tears. I'm sure she's in a better place. A castle in the sky perhaps, on a cloud, with rainbows dancing across the horizon. Inside of which is everyone she loves, talking, laughing, wondering why people fear death at all. And at night, she curls up on the Elizabethan-style queen-sized bed that she never had a chance to own in life, with our old golden retriever Bo at her feet.

Maybe I'm there, in a sense. It's certainly possible. Would the great creator of all deprive her of the man she loves? No, I think it's pretty safe to say that I'm up there with her. It's possible she doesn't eve know that I'm even trapped in this tortured existence at all It's also possible that the real me may be joining her there someday, to live out the rest of eternity in each other's arms, slow-dancing to the heavenly music all day and all night. I wonder what the music will sound like in the great beyond. I wonder if I'll ever find out.

-Robert Grenier-

I refrain to explain what your mind has chosen

NOT TO SEE
you are the product of what the machine
has made you out to be
you choose not to inquire
you'd rather sit there and perspire
QUIET, listen to the cosmos
instead of your ego
they will guide you
into a smoother path
you won't find it in drink nor smoke
your majesty won't save you
from what you have manifested
it's got no control over the
world in which you have depreciated
just like the sun has no
control over the ozone in which
you have diminished

-G.L.-

Bricks collide with flame,

Blazing like July the last:

Havoc of Detroit.

Michelle Christensen

Tragic Day from Last Week

I awoke at eight am Saturday morning to the two of them standing over me. How I ever actually woke up puzzles me because I don't remember falling asleep. It took them a few minutes of poking me and insisting I get out of bed before I could unravel myself from my blankets. My eyes met hers, both of our expressions matching; nervous, anxious, blank. I got out of my bed to seek some kind of sanctuary in my bathroom. All I found in there were my puffy eyes staring back at me, and the realization that this might turn out to be the worst day of my life. I sat on the toilet and cried. I cried for my friend, for what I was about to take part in, and for the loss of innocence that faced us at the end of the day. I wished more than anything that I could hide in my sanctuary and not take part in this miserable horror of a day. Instead, I hastily dressed myself and met them outside.

It was the kind of day outside when all you want to do is drink tea and snuggle with someone warm all day, avoiding the outside as much as possible. The sky was a bleak, ominous gray and the fine mist mingled with the icy air in a mixture that took your breath away it was so cold. We sat in silence on the train, lost in our own thoughts and regrets. We must have appeared to be going to a funeral considering our all-black attire and somber expressions. I guess in a way we were.

Upon arriving at our "destination," we were greeted by a group of people in blue shirts; I noticed another group of people behind them and was confused as to why they were there. They were protestors, dressed in black and shaking rosary beads in our faces. I felt like I was in some sort of TV special, and if I didn't get inside quick someone was going to shoot me. The three of us walked inside, and I started to panic. One of my friends was leaving to go home, while the other went to the reception desk to fill out paper work. I wondered why she was leaving. Was it because she had morals and didn't want to be involved? Was I a bad person for staying? I was confused, nauseous, and wanted my mom more than anything in the world. I needed her approval and reassurance that I wasn't a bad person and I was doing the right thing. My friend had to tap me a few times to get my attention, they had called her name from the waiting room. Our eyes locked. She looked so alone. I wanted to reach out and hold her but I knew that if I did I would cry. If I started to

cry I didn't think I'd ever stop. They told me it would be two to four hours so I decided to go outside and get a cup of coffee. In the café I sat in between an old man and an old woman. The old man the left of me was singing opera in Italian at the top of his lungs, while the old woman burped repeatedly in between sips of coffee. I started laughing hysterically, but I was crying at the same time. I must have looked even crazier than the two old people sitting next to me.

I set out on a journey, wandering the streets and getting myself lost, literally as well as mentally. Along my journey the people seemed to get stranger and stranger. I realized how sheltered I'd always been when I had always thought of myself to be experienced and worldly. I was completely out of my element, wandering the streets of Brookline, running away from protestors, and laughing at all the crazy people.

As I walked back to meet my friend, one of the protestors chased me. I looked him in the eye, waved my phone at him, and told him I'd have him arrested. When I got up to the waiting room I saw her sitting there. She looked pale and withdrawn and confused. The first thing that she said to me was, "I want a snickers." I was mortified. I felt for some reason that she didn't have the right to eat. I resented her so much at the moment. Probably for making myself realize I'm a hypocrite, who knows what I would do in that situation? I think if I didn't go with her that day I would have a hard time forgiving myself, more so than for helping her.

-Anonymous-

Remembering Darkness

Lazy mornings
loves aftermath
drowning in a bed of passion.

Yet mornings always turn into
darkness,
silent nights.

Alone accompanies memories
loves aftermath
sobbing in a bed of tears.

Yet after darkness follows
mornings,
but never forgotten is color of night.

-Erin Hines-

return to start

head against the wall

where to go from here?

all i've wanted

may soon be near

the city has stolen

a piece of my heart

she is now there

but it is i

who has returned to start

W.S.

Through the glass, I blow you a kiss
you are the only one that I ever miss
with you, I feel that everything is perfect
you make me whole and I thank you for this

you own my heart, it's yours eternally
your beauty is indescribable
when I look in your eyes, I am instantly hypnotized
your skin is grace
and I love to touch your face

the only place I ever want to be is by your side
you are the best

I'll burn all my possessions just as long as I still have you
I don't need anyone as long as I still have you
just as long as I have you forever
I need nothing else

I observe you while you lay sleeping
in contemplation of your dreaming
you give me a sign by twitching
-Mark Palmer

The Animal

Ever had this feeling inside you like something was yearning to break free; something more confident, more attractive and more sociable? Well in a tiny, inconspicuous corner of a white-washed classroom in the tiny island of Singapore, this petite, be-spectacled did. She wanted in every way to transform into what she was not----the exact opposite of quiet, soft-spoken, self-contained and unnoticeable. She was the typical and boring schoolgirl. It was time, she thought, to let loose the animal in her.

"Wouldn't it be weird if someone from school saw me . . . I mean you?" The fashionably dressed, heavily made up, totally poised lady in the mirror replied, " No of course not, it'll be great if they see me. Isn't that what you want, to show the world who I am . . . mean, you are?'' She went on talking to Kat, her reflection, discussing the pros and cons of her decision for hours. They finally came to the decision that Kat should go clubbing on weekends and Irene should go to school on the weekdays. That way they would be both who they really were at the appropriate place.

Friday evening, Kat began to put on her war paint in shimmering shades of blue and pink for her eyes and a dust of fawn for rouge. Her lips, she tinted with a layer of cherry and applied another layer of gloss over it making them look irresistibly delicious. Next, she pulled on her first layer of protective gear---stockings, push-up bra, G-string and on top of all that a cream colored, silky slip dress. On her head she donned a slick coiffeur where she gelled all her hair to one side and put them behind her ears. Finally, it was the outer coat, the make-all and end-all of all clubbing queens. Kat chose to wear a simple black, super short, body hugging, velvet dress. Her combat boots were a pair of leopard print strapy stilettos. She was ready to slay her first prey. Irene watched Kat through out the whole process and the anxiety inside her reached a point where it was going to spill out and ruin Kat's hard work. "Hey watch it, I spent three hours on this. You got to be in control like me, see, cool, calm, confidant and all." It was a quarter to twelve, Irene pinned a shiny good luck pin on Kat's hair, the finishing touch and she was off to the battlefield.

Upon reaching Zouk, the most popular club in Singapore, Kat noticed that even before she got examined by the towering men-in-black, she was already under the scrutiny of at least a dozen pair of eyes. The action started right there. She took her own sweet time to saunter down towards the entrance, lingering awhile here and there to smile at some unsuspecting prey and to carry out the customary hellos and hugs to some friends. Flashing the bouncers her mega-watt smile, Kat had no trouble whatsoever getting into Zouk free. Of course having a group of friends who were regulars at

Zouk helped too, but Kat chose to think it was her chard that did the trick. The moment the huge glass doors were pulled open to admit Kat, she was exposed to darkness for as far as she could see except for the beams of blue and red and the intermittent silver which lit the double-story room exposing a jungle of clubbers. The smoky atmosphere of tobacco and artificial smoke engulfed her like a jungle engulfed the small-sized panther. Like a cub just learning to hunt, Kat took in everything with hungry excitement. Only she did not feel she was just learning, she felt that she was already a pro, that she had had it in her all the time.

She made her way to a spot where she thought was just a little away from the center of attention and stood there surveying the place, hawk-eyed. Kat knew she was going to be the confidant, pro-active party that did the approaching instead of the men, after all she was the "predator". In Singapore, a multi-racial country, there were people from most major parts of the world. There was a popular slang we used to term each nationality. Being an island famous for its variety of food, that was what we used to term the different nationality of people. The Chinese were called "rice", Japanese "sushi", Caucasians "potato", Malays "nasi" (which is "rice" in Malay) and the Aindians "roti prata" (which is Indian pancakes). But there were hardly any Indians and Malays at Zouk.

So there Kat was, licking her paws, deciding what type of cuisine she was going to have. Sushi, she decided as she caught the eye of a "kawaii" ("cute" in Japanese) Japanese guy three feet from her at the bar she was at. She gave him a confident and playful smile and pretended to look away. Ten seconds later, she saw with the corner of her eye that he was still standing there staring at her. "What's with him, why isn't he coming over, do I really have to walk over?" Kat thought out loud. "That's the way with the guys here, they never approach you no matter what, unless maybe they are drunk. You got to go get him girl." Kat turned and saw this classy lady in her late twenties standing behind her. Kat gave her a cool smile and walked over to the Japanese guy. "Hi, how are you, my name's Kat and you are?

"Irene you should've been there, I had the most awesome time of my life and it was all free, I didn't have to pay a single cent!" Kat could not stop rattling to Irene how she had got the cute Japanese guy, Shinji, to splurge on her. He bought her drink after drink after drink and the danced the night away. And after that, Shinji took her out for supper and drove her home. He had asked for her phone number but she declined feeling that a part of her should be kept a mystery. He had given her his number but she doubted she would ever call him or see him again unless she met him at Zouk again. Monday came and Irene, wearing her usual jeans, T-shirt and her simple hairstyle, went to school. The moment she stepped into class her classmate Eugene came up to her surprised, "Hey where's your glasses? Are you wearing contacts? You look better you know, but still nice and

simple you know, typical schoolgirl looks." And Kat, I mean Irene, I mean "I" said "Yeah, I'm in school what do you expect?"

—Irene Pe—

The day it rained on Valentine's Day.
When I woke up, cold through the covers half-pulled from me
Your warm body curled up against mine, outstretched.
Wrapped your legs around mine.
Drops patter on the windowsill.
The fan hums in the corner.
CD tuned to a medium volume.
The Velvet Underground, "Run Run Run",
Lou Reed, Cale on Bass.
You borrowed it, can't give it back.
I'm so exhausted from the beer, pot and a thousand cigarettes.
The morning rises too early for my soul.
Energy lost from the night before.
As I lie there, head propped against the wall
And try not to remember anything else.
The way that you tried so hard not to love me.
I can't stop.
You can't stop.
When you leave to another place looking in the flicker of an eye.
And you know
And you tell me how that mass of violent pain
Wants to change you
As you smile
And then I know that you are truly happy with me
Here, now lying beside you gazing in awe.
But that you will never tell me.
I will never know.
And I'm afraid.
I'm scared without you,
Cold without you and the covers beneath me.
Shivering, together,
Even though you lie next to me
I still imagine the future.
In this reality, right at this moment
As I reminisce on an event that happened
So recently that I can still almost touch it.
My hair smells like yours,
And I almost want to cry.
Too much time, stale,

Spinning Bubbles

The first time I heard the song, "Who Was That?" by Deee-Lite, I was descending into mountains and cascades of bubbles. A boy named Darren was sitting in front of me smoking a Dunhill and sipping a lime colored drink out of a champagne glass. The beads of sweat looked like sequins reflecting off his forehead from the dim candlelight. We had just finished dancing and he suggested that we soak our muscles for tomorrow. The music was coming from outside, where Bennie B. was spinning his house beats. I wasn't sure who Darren was. Did he mean for more dancing tomorrow? What is that tattoo on his neck? All I knew was that the ecstasy made my vision shaky and that I lived my life day by day.

It was 3:45 in the morning when I tried to push back the massaging water jets. They made my fingers wiggle and I laughed and felt an urgency to dance again, but my body seemed suctioned to the bottom of the Jacuzzi. The dense blanket of foam smothered the spotlights at the bottom of the pool. I unsteadily got on my knees but they were being sucked down too. By now the foam bubbles were up to my earlobes. When my friend James opened the door, the fog lazily lingered around the doorway and then swirled into the cooler air. James pulled me out and told me we were going up onto the roof. I glanced up to see the skylight. It was summer.

The Jacket from an Angel

The day that Jack slipped his old friend's worn black leather biker jacket over my shoulders, I knew I could never give it back. The coat had belonged to a member of the Hell's Angels who supposedly purchased it sometime in the late fifties at a leather shop, somewhere on the banks of Lake Tahoe. It fit me like a glove. I zipped up the jacket to the top when somehow, the dead soul of the unknown hellcat began to possess me. I felt edgy, in a sort of wicked and dangerous way that compels people to rob liquor stores and start bar brawls for no apparent reason. I wanted to make love in that jacket, not to Jack, but to some stranger wearing a cowboy that that would pick me up in his yellow '68 Chevy at a rural gas station and we would speed of down the highway. So, I made Jack give me the jacket, actually I "borrowed" it and then skipped town. It didn't matter, the jacket was mine.

Back in the Village, my friends who all wished that they too could possess such a sacred piece of history and envied my classic garment. Altamont 1969, the Rolling Stones and their fateful mistake of inviting the Angels to work at the concert as security guards. That day a man died, struck down by a pool cue by a member of the Hell's gestapo which shattered his skull and killed him instantly as Mick Jagger sang 'Sympathy For The Devil". My leather jacket might have been involved in that incident. I wore that jacket around town with a sort of pride that came with the danger and anarchy that comes with black leather once owned by a vagabond. Crossing Fifth Avenue and 57th street, passing Bergdorf Goodman and all of the upscale, higher echelon clientele that scoffed at a disguised member of their society, appearing to them merely as a rebel in the crowd.

Occasionally, I slept in that jacket during the fall. The acetate lining felt cold against my skin, especially after passing out on my bed after a night of excessive Jack Daniels and pool playing. In the summer evenings, I rode around Washington Square, unzipped so my coat tails could flap in the wind when I wrapped my arms around one of my fleeting, arrogant lovers. George Thourogood in the wintertime, on a jukebox at Hogs and Boars, dancing in the corner with a guy who dabbled in shotgun mythology and inspired fights in the adjourning alleyway as I watched, unfazed by any of his animal-like demonstrations when I wore that black leather jacket.

On many occasions, my mother tried to throw it away, insisting that it was cursed in some sort of way that Christianity couldn't explain. I always found a way of reclaiming my most treasured possession, whether it was sorting through the dumpster outside of our Christopher street apartment, or tearing through bins in the Salvation Army store next door. I could never lose that which seemed a part of me. It turned a once naïve, inhibited teenager into a scandalous woman. My

mother hated it, especially for what it had done to her poor little girl. Yet I was not a girl anymore. I was mature, confident and spontaneous, however reckless in a way that taught me how to stand my own ground. I would never be the same if that jacket disappeared.

That fateful day finally arrived though. As I left John, the wild DJ I had been dating for a couple years, for some reason I decided to leave that jacket behind on my vacation. My friends and I were travelling to Arizona, and then Las Vegas, so I figured that the climate dictated that all dark, bulky items of clothing were best left at home. As we parted at the gate, the thought went through my mind that I should have brought the jacket anyway. But there was nothing I knew that I could do then, when I boarded that plane. John would be dumped, and he knew that as I left. And in his torrid rage, the first thing that would go would be the thing that meant most to me. Sitting in the plane, taxing on the runway, I bid my jacket farewell, and knew that part inside of me died at that instant, the part of me that could make a man cry without remorse, and drink Jack Daniels like it was the nectar of the gods.

-Anne Murphy-

Gazing at the stone grey sky.
Knowing tonight I will spent some eternity alone.
Whimpering, he places his hand across my hair,
Hand placed flat against the small of my back,
Trying not to leave.
The car door opens and you will be gone.
Back to the distance.
Two minutes.
Hold the time, our time once
Before I take that first step.
Puddle.
Boots splash on the pavement.
No turning back, last touch
As my finger slides of your jacket,
Down,
Brushing the top of your palm.
No more contact,
Blind air frigid
To the afternoon outside, in the midst.
As you drive up, I turn the other way
One last time, looking back
With careless, bleeding eyes, stained by the rain
Hoping for that need I have,
That once you will refuse to drive right by
And take me back.
Without stopping, in that instant to let me go.
That is what I am lost without.
The absence of my mind,
Today, right now, longing.

Where is it?
I say I need it
But every time
I grasp
A moment
of seclusion.
I wonder…
Could I give this up?
Your presence can no longer excite me
only I have that much power
Finding truth in my womanity
means I won't find it in you
And these pathetic girls
who continue to weep at your feet
Fill me with anguish
All this power must make you weak
Or does it just force you to meet
the masses expectations

-G.L.-

Our history,
before our separation,
is able to be retold.
However,
doing so would cheapen
our lives.
I have a question, which will never
be asked because
no answer can be given.
We will not talk to each other.
Now that I know how easy it is
for something
seeming so perfect to crumble,
I also know how
immeasurably difficult it is to
restructure the rubble.
We never truly talked to each other
anyway.
We did many mushrooms.
Remember the white shirts?
Remember the still picture?
Yeah.
But then how come we never
spoke about important things?

1. who Slept among the Waking
in the less coveted hours
decreases Value of conversing
--to which direction a Decision must
be brought about in facing small
Untruths---

2. who Bending over backwards against
rigid iron Fences with unfamiliar hands
holding an Exposed
--Spine close that becomes a large
Habit who eludes
Murder.

--my own hands are
covering my own Ears—

3. who knows the exacticalities and
practicalities
Of showing too much tongue-jumbled
words
within restricted zoning?
Bodies of wrecked stomachs and shaking
hands
Inconsistent Endings with eaves-droppers
ease subsisting
"—only if you tell me it's all bullshit
I'll let you do what you are doing;
only it you say it—"

4. who stared while
the building's guards
are standing over there
and she's had the drink
to top them all

--my opinion goes unspoken—

--it wasn't necessary
for the decisions to break themselves
upon her thousand dollar dress and
matching shoes—

-Brooke Hamre Gillespie-

The "X-Factor" by Lauren Hill, is a powerful R&B song that represents anyone who has ever been more hurt tan happy from love…

The "X-factor" reminds me of characters of my past
And prepares me for the next actor;
Amateurs of love another chapter
In a seemingly endless book, there's no defense against these crooks,
I believe it's illegal to steal one's affections as well as possessions
Like a thief on a pitch-black night, when I think further a thief in broad daylight
Who puts wool over your head instead of being blinded
You see an illusion of reality
Honestly, it saddens me, I mean it hurts worst than your first cavity
I'll explain…if pain was a flame then a candle is assault & battery
While what I sustain seems ignited with propane
When 100 knives are stabbing me
I lose lovers like Jenny Craig loses calories
I sit and contemplate it questioning it myself…I make 10 dollars hourly,
So it can't be my salary
I would hope it's not my clothes, I've always liked to dress casually
Never think irrationally
It's crazy how one's actions can actually
Make another breakdown like fractions and feel lower than gravity
When the relationship is over with, I can't get over it
Buy a bottle…open it then drink until my eyes won't focus in.
My body lays motionless, my mind a week away from soberness
My thoughts run random, huge and in depth as the ocean is
I am somber.
But can't help but cause a commotion when
My anger makes my emotion lift
It's like erosion in
My brain, it happens to the most of men
When love hits me I feel softer than lotioned skin
Sensitive to the clutch of ignorance, each touch is blistering
Producing mental scars deep cuts colder than the winter's been
And the conclusion is I'm convinced I'll never love again

—Dexter Thomas—

The Game

As I entered my spot as right wing on the field, I felt the sweat bead on my brow; my mouth guard tasted of dirt and grass. White knuckled, I held on to my field hockey stick. I stood at attention as the two centers square off. I lift my head slowly, I feel a little light headed from the excitement and adrenaline running through my body. As I lift my head higher, I realize my opponent is standing opposite me. I stare at her competitively, she is my rival, and I have nothing but remorse for her. She is someone that I would like to bash in the shins with my stick or purposely trip. My intentions are to sweep the ball around her and into the goal. She's probably thinks the same of me, or maybe even worse. I don't care. We have met before, last season at the homecoming game, I was up against her just like now, the referee blew the whistle, I speed around her, complete a pass, and assist in the winning goal. Now here we meet again.

Out of the corner of my eye I spot the guys standing on the sideline cheering all of us on. I am standing close to them, and now I can feel their eyes on me, I think to myself, "My god, this skirt is short," I'm now feeling a little self conscious and a little flattered. Some guy friends of mine cheer me on and make a few little remarks that make me look over and smile a little embarrassed, forgetting a moment that my opponent is standing in front of me, she reminds me of a rowdy bull before a rodeo, she sniffs her nose and wipes it with her arm, she digs her cleats into the grass, I wonder if she thinks that it will give her more traction or maybe a god-like power. I personally think it looks like she is trying too hard. I can hear the coach yelling last minute plays as she paces up and down the sidelines; she sounds frantic, wanting hopelessly to win the game. In this moment I feel very confused as though in a fog, hearing the coach, my opponent stamping her feet and sniffing, and my friends of the sidelines cheering. I cannot keep a focused thought in my head except for this overwhelming feeling of wanting to blow around this girl, make a goal, and make her look as bad as I can. My adrenaline excretes with every second that stand opposite to her. The referees walk onto the field, I'm excited and so ready, my heart is pounding so fast that I think it's going to rip right through my shirt.

Then the whistle blew and the game began…

--Heidi Olson-

When I was fourteen years old me and a friend of mine were fishing at the Wachussett Reservoir and we were slowly working our way up the shore of a lake that was being fed by a huge river. The fishing was good but we both had fly fishing rods and we thought that we would have more luck in the river. We stopped fishing and proceeded up the river's edge. We came around a bend in the river and then the sun blinded us. I t was about 7:30 on a summer night and the weather was perfect. It was not windy at all and there was no noise at all besides the sound of the water gliding over the rocks. We climbed up this hill and we were looking down into the crystal clear water to try and see if we could see any salmon or trout.

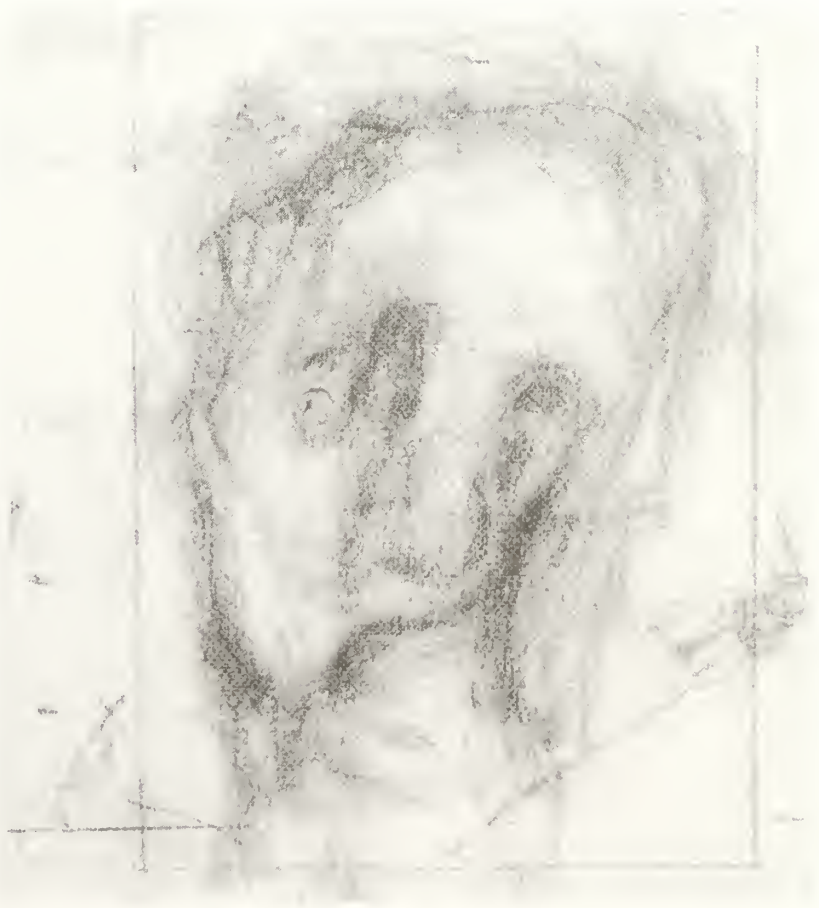
When we got the end of the hill we walked up to this huge area where the river just stopped. There was a waterfall to the right but there was no water rushing from the left and then I realized that this was a river that was fed from a pump house. The building was made of gray stone and looked very old. There was a humming that came from the building, which was caused by the force of the water turning the turbines, which produced electricity. There was a fence around the area that had signs on it which said no trespassing. We jumped over the fence and climbed to the edge of the river. We were about ten feet above the water and the water was really deep, at least 20 to 25 feet deep. The current was really strong though, but the top of the water looked like a mirror. I put my hands around my eyes to block the sun and then I peered into the water.

I couldn't believe it. There were so many fish in this spot. There were salmon, lake trout, rainbow trout, and also brown trout. The biggest fish was a salmon that had to be at least 10-15 pounds. I looked at my friend and we immediately ran down to the edge of the river and picked our spots. I went to my own side of the hole and he went to the other side. I had seen a huge lake trout rise out of the water to get a mosquito so I decided to use a dry fly. I set my line in the spot where I had seen that huge salmon. The first, second, and third time I didn't get any rises. The fourth time that salmon that I had seen rose so high out of the water at my line and it made a huge splash. Everything happened so fast. The salmon started to run and I set the hook. This thing was huge and I knew that I needed my friends help landing the fish. The fish fought for about ten minutes and then he snapped my line. I was so mad, but then I tied another fly to my line and kept fishing. After the fish snapped my line I looked around at the waterfall and all the trees and water and I realized that this place was probably one of the nicest areas that I have ever fished in. I still go to that spot to this day and sometimes I don't even go there to fish. There are times throughout these past years that I have gone home just to go to that spot. I go there, just sit there, relax, and enjoy the nature and the calmness of the area. I have gone there when I have problems that I need to work out and when I need to get away from everyone for a little while.

Untitled

I remember...
Feeling everything come out of my mouth
As I cried, telling everyone how sorry I was
I remember...
Thinking of what my mother would say if she saw me,
If people thought that I was ruining the night by being weak
My father always said that it isn't pretty being this way
Still
I pulled spit away from my mouth like an endless strand of spaghetti
Like in the movie, "Lady and the Tramp."
Someone...that I didn't want to see me this way was holding the other end of the spaghetti
Yet as he wiped my mouth and hands, I began to calm down
It was then that I realized that I wouldn't have made it without him there
As I was carried away from the bathroom, I think I whispered
"Thank you" to him
I hope he remembers
The room never stopped spinning as I always ran to to the bathroom every time
I remembered what it was
That made me sick
That night as I lay in someone else's bed,
I dreamt that there was a wild
Beast outside my house
I locked all of the doors and even held it as I heard the scratchings on the Door
I was very afraid to open it, but I finally did,
It turned into my friend whom I never wanted to let see memthis way
I opened the door, as he walked into my house.

You
are You
are Beautiful
in Movement
or Meditation
your Wings
have Opened
and I Watch
You Soar

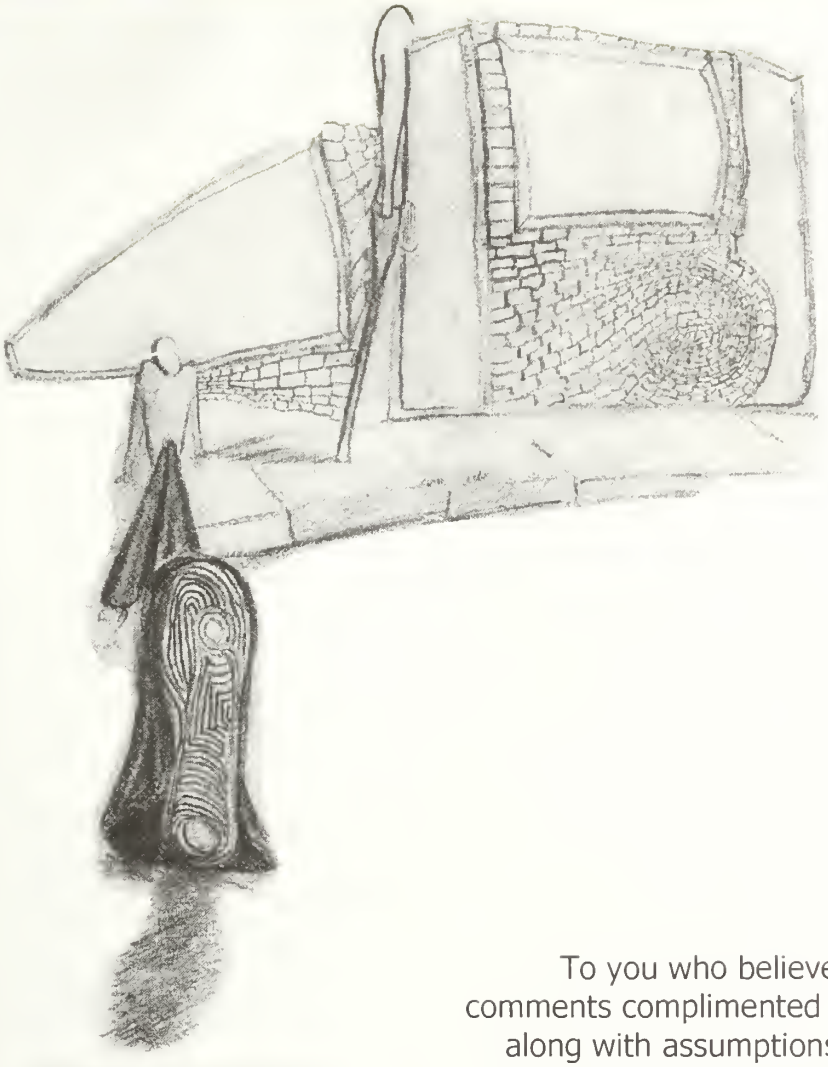


Shena

come and see me
I'm down and out
'cos I miss you hangin round here
the skin on your feet are pale like larvae and
the soles are always black like you painted them
freckle sprinkled cheeks and daisy
chain wreathes are your trademark
sitting below your bony hips are hippy skirts
like layers of flowers and patchwork billowing beneath you
don't go too far
in Burlington
or Zimbabwe
I'll let you
kiss me
sometimes
down in the basement
listening to the rain in
the silvery Dust
come over
in your dad's white Chevy station wagon
with the shadows of its previous owner, "Waltham Taxi"
let's search for the alien
ride our bikes on vodka and klonapin
all your boyfriends look like Richard Brautigan

It's cosmic out to-nite

---Sandra Ng



Greg Murphy

To you who believe
comments complimented harshly
along with assumptions are
unheard by your misconceived
victim you are mistaken.
ooh how it cuts and belittles
her sole for she is vulnerable
in this new place she's never
seen. unknown of
uncared for and now spoken
for by you and
your complaints of her looks to you
style of clothes or perhaps just because.
Why do you represent yourself that way
why do you represent
Boston that way. Please quickly
finish this whirl pool of hurt
you twirl with your smallest
finger because it makes you
smaller and your victim half

-Liz Roberts-

Sandra Ng

View From The Empyrean

Again I observe the extent of my creation
and again I feel cold…and barren
What once filled me with immeasurable joy
now a prison
my journey through the stars has come to a close
I lay motionless in a comatose oblivion
looking back…

To a time before this
when each dawn brought a new hope
and dusk came with the promise of a new day
Every life, I made my own
every victory brought pride
every defeat brought pity
it was my sympathy that pulled them through
when their children were born, it was I who truly loved them
for I had already witnessed their life…they were old friends
and I raised them as my own
until the day their spirits soared…away from this existence
I was always with them

Still further my mind wanders
back to the peaceful solitude of the beginning
before the suffering…before the loneliness
to a time when I marveled at the vision
of all I had accomplished
All the celestial wonders…a gift to myself
a feast for the senses…a trophy for my good deeds
I try not to remember
For now the memories are just a reminder…that those days are gone forever
but what I truly miss the most…is the sense of purpose that I felt
the feeling that what I was doing was right
the feeling that I truly mattered…

Detachment is all I now feel
Hardened by the endless cycles
I look upon all I've done with contempt…and regret
As old as time…I've grown weary
Each dawn a reminder of my plight
each dusk the threat of another day
peering downward…from so high above
I yearn for the end.

-Robert Grenier-

Your
neck
So
long,
so
elegant
The way
sweat
pours
down from
it onto
your back I
catch the bead,
each tear Don't
cry I'm sad too The
fact that you are
here brings me tears
of joy The fact that
you will be gone tears
me apart. The taste of
your mouth when our lips
meet. When your soul pours
into me, drowning mine
out You make me who I am
Sometimes for better
Sometimes for worse You
bring out what I didn't
know I had And in the
morning I'm me again

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